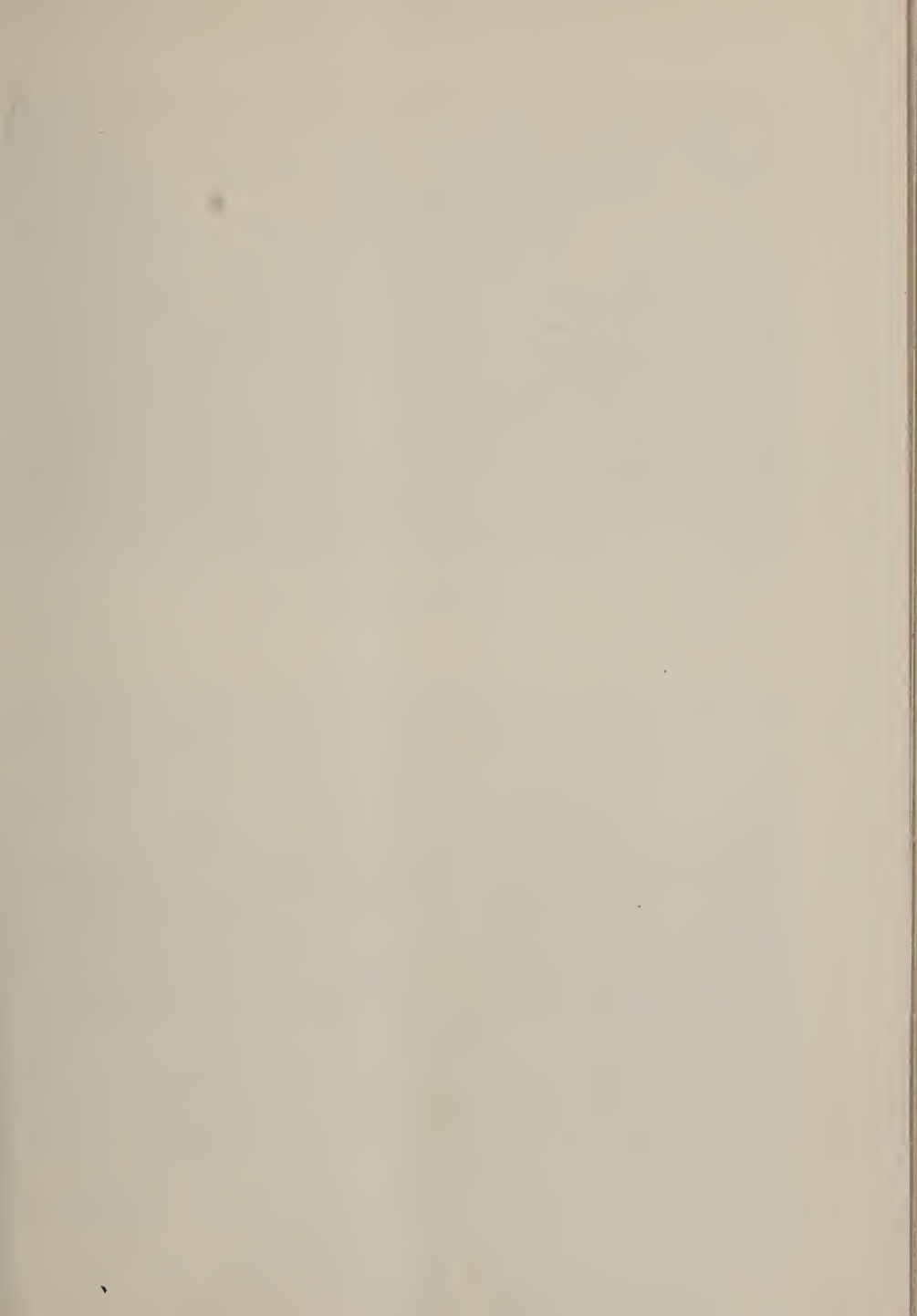


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KOBE COLLEGE CHAPEL



KOBE COLLEGE ACADEMY BUILDING

(See page 63)

Life and Light

Vol. XLIII.

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No. 2

The news of the sudden death of Rev. Henry G. Bissell of Ahmednagar, came as a shock to the wide circle of his friends in India and America. He had been in failing health for some time.

Henry G. Bissell. His death occurred, November 21st, in Poona, where he had gone with his family for a brief rest. He was the son of the Rev. and Mrs. Lemuel Bissell, the well-known missionaries of the Marathi Mission. After his graduation from the Hartford Theological Seminary in 1892, he went immediately to India under the American Board. His missionary inheritance and his ardent spirit gave him a peculiar fitness for his work and his powers found full scope in the pressing need of the big fruitful Ahmednagar field, with its comparatively few laborers, until at the end of two score years his health broke under the load. His command of the Marathi language was so remarkable that he is said to have spoken it "better than a native." His gift as a public speaker, when on furlough, will be well remembered, and no one who heard his address at the Haystack meeting of the American Board in 1906 will fail to recall his beautiful tribute to woman's work, as exemplified by his mother's life. Mr. Bissell leaves a widow (Theo King), and four children. His sister, Miss Emily, was on the eve of sailing for Ahmednagar after a year's furlough, but is now waiting in Germantown, Pa., with the daughter Marian, to aid and comfort Mrs. Bissell and the three children, who sailed for America, December 15th. Dr. Julia, another sister, is still loved and missed by the women of Ahmednagar.

The Ahmednagar circle, twice afflicted during the last year in the loss of two of its members,—Mrs. Alice Harding Churchill and now Mr.

Missionary Bissell,—is also handicapped by the disabling of Miss Elizabeth Johnson, who was so injured by a carriage accident a few weeks ago as to be wholly laid aside, for the present, from her work in the hospital.

Dr. Mary Eleanor Stephenson arrived in New York, November 30th, for her furlough year, of which she is much in need. She is with her family in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The sorrow of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Erickson of Elbasan, Albania, in the loss of their oldest son Earl, under circumstances of great pathos, has called forth deep sympathy on their behalf. The son, a lad of thirteen, had been severely ill with appendicitis. As there was no adequate surgery possible in their Albanian home, the father started with the boy for Lausanne, Switzerland, hoping that the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Roux, might save his life. After a terrible journey through the mountains, the boy being carried on a stretcher by relays of four men, the little party reached Durazzo and so came by steamer to Trieste. Here the boy lay for fifteen days in the hospital, and when they finally reached Lausanne it was too late for human skill to avail, though two operations were performed, and the boy died on November 14th. The mother left behind in Elbasan with the younger children could not be reached by telegram because of the war. But the father, assisted by kind friends whom he found in Lausanne, laid the little body to rest,—another illustration of the sacrifice endured for Jesus' sake by the missionaries of the cross.

On attempting to return to Albania, Mr. Erickson was arrested by the Servian authorities and kept under guard for fifteen days, and on his release was informed that he and his family must withdraw from Elbasan in ten days.

Miss Harriet G. Powers, so long associated with our work in Turkey—in Erzroom, in Bardezag, in the Constantinople Home School and later in Brousa, expects to sail soon for Adana, Central Turkey, where she will make her home with Miss Webb, co-operating with her in various ways. Miss Powers goes as a retired missionary, preferring to live in her native land among the people for whom she has so long labored, and for whom she wishes to use her strength and experience as long as she is able to do so. Miss Powers plans to sail from New York, February 1st.

Mrs. James P. MacNaughton, accompanied by her daughter Eva, sailed January 8th, returning to her work in Brousa.

Miss Bertha B. Morley, who is now assisting at Gedik Pasha, Constantinople, has been appointed a missionary of the American Board and adopted by the Woman's Board of Missions. Miss Morley is a native of Mentor, Ohio, and studied at Oberlin College, afterwards taking a special course in music at Lake Erie College. She taught for several years at

Pleasant Hill, Tenn., and in 1911 went to Marsovan to spend a year with her sister, Mrs. Jesse K. Marden. The needs and opportunities in educational work for the girls of Turkey have so appealed to Miss Morley as to lead her to offer herself for permanent service with the expectation of teaching next year in the Anatolia girls' school at Marsovan,—a prospect which is an occasion for rejoicing to the missionary circle there.



MAIN STREET IN MONASTIR

Miss Mary L. Matthews, principal of the girls' school at Monastir, and supported by the New York State Branch, wrote under date of

Late News December 3d as follows: "We had hoped to cable in from Monastir. order to relieve anxious friends, but found that was not possible. We hope that regular postal service will soon be established again. Five weeks without a word from the outside world made me appreciate to the full a letter received from my sister yesterday and one from Miss Miner to-day. We are no longer in Turkey. The Servians are here now and while the future is doubtful, they certainly have earned the right to stay. Such a terrible four days' battle on the plains! We saw the flashes of cannon from our roof windows and heard the booming plainly. On Sunday, November 17th, we had a quiet communion service in our little church while the thunder of the guns was

plainly heard. Our school went on with its lessons and we had our usual written examinations just before Thanksgiving. We stopped to give two days to Red Cross sewing, and for three weeks or more spent parts of days in making garments for the wounded,—eighty-three in all. When the Servians entered the city we were on the principal street. After watching four and one-half hours not all the army had passed, four abreast. I was told there were sixty thousand troops which entered Monastir. We are just getting reliable news of the war,—you know much more about it than we do. We have just heard to-night that Mr. Wilson is elected president! We have much to be thankful for,—prayer has been answered for us, but there is much suffering for food and fuel. We are thankful we bought supplies before they became scarce. We have enough on hand for several weeks.”

January 9th, the day appointed by the Woman’s Boards for united prayer, was observed in Boston by a union service at the chapel of the

The Day of Prayer Old South Church, at which Mrs. Henry W. Peabody
in Boston. presided. By a happy coincidence Mrs. Montgomery was in the vicinity and spoke during the first hour in the morning and also to the young women in the afternoon. Mrs. M. B. Wilkins, represented the Universalist Church, and Miss Lamson of our own Board and Mrs. Robert F. Raymond of the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church led the hours from eleven to one o’clock, while Miss Preston presided over the Young Women’s Hour from 2 p. m. to 3 p. m. At the close of this hour, all present were invited to adjourn to the Emmanuel Church, where the women of the Protestant Episcopal communion were observing their regularly appointed “Quiet Day.” A good attendance and a deep devotional spirit marked the whole day. The presence of a number of missionaries gave emphasis to the petitions offered for the different fields. Mrs. Montgomery’s messages were full of inspiration and cheer.

The series of foreign missionary institutes under the auspices of the American Board was inaugurated December 8th and 9th at Bridgeport,

American Board Conn. Miss Calder, the home secretary, and Miss Isabel
Institutes. M. Blake of Aintab represented the Woman’s Board, and reported good audiences and a satisfactory schedule. Other institutes are to be held in New Britain, Conn., January 19, 20; in Worcester, Mass., January 26, 27; Brattleboro, Vt., February 2, 3; White Plains, N. Y., February 2, 3; in Fitchburg, Mass., February 23, 24, and in other cities in New England in March.

As Lent begins unusually early this year it is quite time to remind our Lenten Envelopes readers of the Lenten envelopes and to ask that orders and for them be sent at once to Miss Hartshorn. The Prayer Cycles. Prayer Cycles, issued by the Central Committee, may also be obtained from her,—price, two cents each; twenty cents a dozen. Costumes from India, China, Japan, and Turkey may be obtained for use at meetings by applying to Miss Marion E. Barlow. Charges,—15 cents per costume and express charges both ways.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM NOVEMBER 18 TO DECEMBER 18, 1912

	For Regular Work.	For Buildings.	For Special Objects.	From Legacies.	Total.
1911	\$7,217.42	\$122.00	\$383.66	\$925.00	\$8,648.08
1912	6,798.27	13,981.00	93.00		20,872.27
Gain		13,859.00			12,224.19
Loss	419.15		290.66	925.00	

FOR TWO MONTHS TO DECEMBER 18, 1912

1911	11,637.40	914.39	548.61	1,435.00	14,535.40
1912	12,299.71	14,804.50	167.56	2,850.00	30,121.77
Gain	662.31	13,890.11		1,415.00	15,586.37
Loss			381.05		

SOCIAL EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION IN CHINA

BY MARIAN MAC GOWN EVANS, TIENTSIN

NOT long ago a Chinese gentleman was telling me of a friend of his, like himself a graduate of Harvard, who has just come home with an American bride, a proceeding always before condemned by the Chinese quite as much as by foreigners. I asked how the Chinese felt about it now. He replied, "They like it all right. They think it is the new style. As for the man's family, they are very much pleased, especially the father, who is delighted to see how well they get on together." Then, at my expression of surprise, he said: "You see, after this revolution, they think they can stand anything." Here in a nutshell is expressed the attitude of a large number of the Chinese of to-day. The conservatives, both men and women, still live and exert a needed influence. Some there are who regret all that has happened, who cling to the past and shrink from the thought of further change, but the majority of those

who think about the matter at all feel that "after this revolution we are ready for anything." So there is a loosening of the old bonds, a general breaking away from the traditions of the past. The clutch of "the dead hand on China" is weakening.

Nowhere perhaps is this change more noticeable than among the women, especially those of the young student class. Women have always been powerful in China, more powerful than we have realized. Although in theory the Chinese man is the sole lord of creation, as a matter of fact a woman's position in her home and her influence among her neighbors has depended very largely upon her own strength of character. Could you see a man struggling against the combined opinion of two or three old ladies of his village, and finally collapsing in an unconditional surrender, you would understand that here too he is a mere man after all. The "old ladies" are and have been in authority. They do not need to become "new women." It is the girls who are bestirring themselves—the girls who have been taught to be docile and obedient, retiring and submissive to the will of father, brother, husband and, above all, mother-in-law, until they themselves become mothers-in-law and "old ladies" and so attain a position of authority. For this far-off time of power they are no longer content to wait. They want something different and they want it now. Said a foreign-educated Chinese lady to me, "You Americans have never given the Chinese woman her due. She always could have anything she wanted. She simply did not want it." Probably it would be more accurate to say she did not realize that she wanted other than what she had. Now she knows, and the underlying strength of character which has always been a trait of Chinese womanhood is asserting itself to claim what she desires and what she has learned she can get.

What is it that she wants, this new young woman of China? In the words of one of her own number, "We think now that girls have the same right to education as boys and are entitled to the same privileges." That she shall be equal to her brother is the new idea which she has conceived. How she interprets it depends upon her individual character. To one it means what it meant to Mary Lyon—a chance to make the best of herself for her own sake and for the sake of humanity, to develop along her own line as her brother develops along his. To quote again, "We do not think that we are to be just like the men. Some things they can do better than we. Some things we can do better than they. Our place is in the home and in the school, not on the battlefield. But we have our work and we believe now that we have as much right to be trained for it

as the men have to be trained for their work. We do not want to be like them but to learn to do our part that our country may be perfect."

This it means to one; to another, it means freedom to do everything her brother does in the same way in which he does it. He can go out on the street when he pleases, therefore she will go out when she pleases, day or night, in company or alone. His hair is short and no trouble to him, his garments are easy to walk in; therefore she will cut her hair and adopt boy's clothes. In a most reputable government school two girls from a class of nine (and presumably the other girls in like proportion) have cut their hair and are restrained from wearing man's costume only by the rule of the school. Some girls—even daughters in respectable families—have been led by this desire to do everything a man may do to frequent houses of ill repute. If her brother knows no moral restraint, why should she? Between these two ideas is every gradation of the use and abuse of liberty. Which will win out, the evil or the good? The answer one gives to that question depends upon whether one is an optimist or a pessimist. Said one Chinese lady who, though active in the new education of women, yet fears for the future of her country, "It all ends in badness. Every bit of this new liberty ends in badness." Said another who is inclined to see the bright side of that with which she sympathizes, "Yes, some of the girls are going wrong, but, I think, only a few, and after a little they will understand what is for their own best good and seek only that." It is a time of the greatest danger—no one can deny it. There are sure to be some wrecked lives. Is it possible that out of the transition period will come a woman, strong, but yet modest, fulfilling the ideal which the Anglo-Saxon race has forged out of many centuries of chivalry, or, better still, a woman who can teach to her Anglo-Saxon sister some of the womanly qualities which the latter sometimes seems in danger of forgetting?

There are some encouraging signs. One is the fact that a part, at least, of the superfluous energy of these young women has gone into work for others, as the action of the Tientsin Normal School girls who, last winter, joined the Woman's Army in Shanghai bears witness. Of the thirty who went, almost all came safely back. Immediately upon their return, they and the members of other girls' schools set to work to raise money for the bankrupt government. A school would hire a theatre for an afternoon, sell tickets of admission and provide an entertainment consisting of stump speeches of a patriotic character by the girls. Men as well as women bought the tickets, and, according to all reports, listened in an orderly

and respectful manner to the girl orators. However, one of the finest pupils in the highest school absolutely refused to have anything to do with this and similar activities on the part of the girls because she felt, as many of us who are looking on feel, that the time is not ripe for women as young as they to put themselves into such prominent positions. Yet, now that the period of excitement is over, the girls are settling down to a normal life again in a surprising manner. Their experiences, however, have taught them that they can raise money and that they can accomplish something in the world. So, on their own initiative, they have started a school for younger girls. Those who attend are able to give a part, but not all, of the money needed for their support. So the normal school girls themselves support the little school. All its teaching is done by them in turn. After they are graduated and have positions of their own, they pledge the first month's salary for this enterprise.

With all this new freedom among the girls must necessarily arise the question of their social relations to men. They have come out of their old seclusion. It is not uncommon now to see husbands and wives on the street together in carriages or even in the electric cars,—now a young couple newly married and looking like a pair of runaway children out for a holiday, now an old man and woman, husband and wife of thirty years, but for the first time going about together. Not only so, but it is getting to be the style for those who are engaged to become acquainted. A friend of mine recently met in a store a girl whom she knew, the daughter of a most respectable family, one whose father had always been very careful about her behavior. With her were her mother and a young man whom she serenely introduced as her *fiancé*. A day or two ago a young man himself brought his betrothed to a mission school that he might personally make arrangements for her education. That they will take the next step—that of meeting men to whom they are not engaged—is inevitable. Sometimes one sees painful instances of this. The other day three young people went down the street—two girls and, between them, a young man dressed in foreign clothes, twirling a moustache and swinging a cane. The girls were laughing and talking loudly, and the man was swaggering along with an air of ownership over them both.

The idea of making their own marriage arrangements is daily growing in favor. The present attitude is probably that expressed in a play given recently by a boys' school. The scene was laid in Nanking at the time of the fighting. The heroine was a Red Cross nurse, the hero, a young general for whom she cared after he was wounded. It is perhaps

not quite accurate to say that they fell in love for the emotional side was hardly touched upon. It became evident, however, that they were not adverse to the idea of marrying each other though they were not allowed to arrange matters for themselves. Rather, the man's old mother was brought down from the north on a visit. She, too, was attracted by the girl, and asked her son if he would not like to have her for his wife. The audience expressed its approval of this novel procedure by hearty applause. The son replied dutifully that whatever arrangements she might make would be satisfactory to him. When she approached the girl, she also gave a proper answer to the effect that the matter must be left to her father and that whatever he said would be all right. Then the mother leaned across the table and said, "But what do *you* want?" At this point the audience, composed for the most part of the younger and more radical elements of Tientsin society, went wild with enthusiasm. When, however, the two were safely married, though they came into the room together and though the bride was daintily plucking the sleeve of the groom, it was he who went first through the door while she followed dutifully behind. What was represented on the stage is taking place in real life with varying degrees of independence on the part of the young people. It is hard to say how much of romance there is in this idea of planning one's own marriage, and how much of the delight of simply doing as one pleases, rather than having some one else manage affairs. It is very much the style for the girls to wear a locket with a picture of the young man in it. But of the ideal of the love of one man for one woman, they as yet know little or nothing. How can they, when the old practice of polygamy goes on uninterrupted, and is indulged in quite as much by the young students who have been educated abroad as by the men of the old school?

New ideas and new customs cannot change the hearts of either men or women. Something bigger is needed to do that and this something bigger pitifully few of them have. If ever anyone needed the help of religion, these women of China need it. There is no hope that they will find it in the religions of the past for they are gone. "Most of the girls are atheists," is the statement of the head of the Tientsin Normal School. It is not simply the educated class whose gods are no more. The other day, when I was calling with the Bible woman upon the ordinary poor families of Hsiku village, she said to them, "You know that the gods in the temples are being thrown away." "Yes," they replied, "Oh yes, there are no more gods in the Tientsin temples." In

the cities at least the gods are gone, faith in them is gone, even opposition to the introduction of a new religion is gone in most cases. In its place has come one of two things. To those who before longed to know something better than what they had, who would have been glad to hear of Christianity but who dared not come out and say so, has come the opportunity to study undisturbed. To this opportunity they are responding and are requesting the formation of Bible classes among themselves. Those who before were scornful or opposed have assumed an attitude of entire apathy on the subject. They no longer feel like fighting the new religion any more than they feel like fighting anything else new. "After this revolution they can stand anything." But they are entirely uninterested in Christianity and they prefer to have no dealings with that which seems likely to impose restraints upon them. It is now that young women are needed to come and live sweet, clean, Christian lives before the young women of China, to teach the ideals of Christ by letting Christ himself live in them and work through them. Just at the psychological moment the Y. W. C. A. has come to do just that, to fill in and complete the work of the missionaries under the Church Boards and to work in a different way for the same end. For them and for the girls with whom they come in contact, the prayers of the Christian women of America are needed. That is the thought I should like to leave with you. There is much in the China of to-day to make one rejoice. There is much, very much, to make one fear. There is opportunity without measure for those of us who have the inexpressible joy of being here; there is opportunity without measure for those of you who, at home, carry on the work of prayer. Only by your prayers can the new woman of China be kept safe from the thousand dangers which beset the new way she must walk. The future rests in part upon you. That responsibility you cannot escape. That chance to help the world no one can take from you. So I beseech you, pray, pray, pray, that through the shadows may shine the light of a great ideal and a great responsibility upon these girls whom you can well understand if you will remember that they are made of the same clay as yourselves—that their emotions, their trials and temptations, their strengths and their weaknesses, are of a kind with your own.

From childhood our Western women have a freedom and breathe the ozone of a liberty to which the women of China have been strangers. It is a new air that is blowing over China, and many will be intoxicated by it, reel and fall. We have wafted the new air, and have corresponding liability to see that it works for its fullest good.—*W. E. Soothill.*

WHAT LIES BEHIND THE BALKAN WAR?

BY ELLEN M. STONE

Part II

THE overturn in 1908, disappointing though it was, proved the dawning of the new day. The people had tried their power and accomplished results. It became clear that they were too heterogeneous to continue as the "united and indivisible Ottoman Empire." Why should they not unite and become the Federation of the Balkans, and then, being united, demand of the Ottoman Government autonomy for the neighboring provinces of Albania and Macedonia? Bulgaria had tried her army and the temper of her people in 1885, during the Servian War, in which she was victorious. She found them both admirable. When at last her soul could no longer endure to hear the tales of woe, and the groans and shrieks of her tortured fellow countrymen across the

mountains, meetings of protest were held not only in the capital and throughout Bulgaria, but also in the adjoining provinces. The people implored their governments to lead them to battle against the power which caused such fearful suffering.

Diplomats pronounced the Federation of States an absolute impossibility, and so it had proved for a long series of years; but the protracted and indescribable atrocities endured accomplished the impossible. Previous prejudices and jealousies all melted away, rivalries were buried and all united to help those who were in such need of help. They called upon the Porte either to grant their brethren in Macedonia and Adrianople, the rights of free men, or they would declare war, and gain them by force. After the answer of the Porte that "it wished no one to mix in its affairs," preparations for war were begun by the Allies.



MACEDONIAN WOMEN

Although war is misery unutterable, everyone rushed toward it with the greatest ardor. Old and young offered their services. The reserves returned to the service with joyful eagerness. Deserters begged to re-enter the army, and to be judged afterward. Students returned from all directions. Deputies to the National Assembly were eager to enter the ranks as private soldiers. Thirty thousand Macedonian volunteers, who had not yet known military drill, begged to be taught, that they might be used for the freeing of their land. From morning to evening they drilled with smiling faces so as to be ready to accomplish the utmost possible. Owners gave their stocks of food, clothing, cattle, wagons, —whatever might be useful in the war,—without so much as asking what valuation would be put upon them, or a guarantee for payment. “Most of the women and girls, with our Queen at their head,” I quote again from my friend, “are working as nurses in the Red Cross. Surely God sent us our Queen, who did great service in the Russo-Japanese War. Having qualified herself as a nurse, she works day and night for the sick and wounded. She also arranged courses of lessons in nursing, in which many of the mothers and daughters of Bulgaria have become skilled to follow her loving example. They are alleviating the sufferings of the brave boys in hospitals in all parts of the country, and work with the utmost zeal. In the schools of domestic science and in multitudes of private homes, students and housewives ply their needles and sewing machines to prepare necessities for hospitals and patients. The very children mourned because they were not old enough to go to the battlefield.” And we are told that in the American College for Girls in Constantinople, lessons have been given up for two days at a time that the students might devote themselves to this work for the suffering, without distinction of race or faith. Beautiful it is also to read of the students of all nationalities continuing in both the American colleges in Constantinople, feeling that they were in the safest place, and living and playing together in utmost harmony, even though sometimes the cannon of the contending forces were distinctly heard. This is true also of our mission schools.

The soldiers could hardly be kept in check, so impatient were they for the command to march. With wild enthusiasm they pressed on to meet their foe of many centuries—multitudes of them with the battle cry in their hearts of some bitter remembrance of injustice or outrage against some member of their family or friends, making them blind to their comrades falling around them—unheeding the hail of bullets and

shells, in the face of which they kept straight onward. Their foes were Mohammedans, whose very religion teaches them that death on the battlefield entitles them to entrance into Paradise. When such combatants met in conflict, was it strange that the result should be "the shortest, bloodiest, and fiercest war in the history of the world?" The Servian war was shorter, lasting only three weeks; but that was caused by a temporary ebullition of feeling, the Servian being stirred to jealousy lest



GIRLS' SCHOOL IN MONASTIR

a great Bulgaria should have preponderance of power in the Balkans. Of course the invaders had to be driven back. It was a brilliant campaign, fought by the Bulgarians at fearful odds, but with their beloved Prince Alexander of Battenberg at their head.

How long ago that time seems! What advance has been made in recognition of brotherliness, until now Greece, Servia, and Montenegro, all of whom have been at odds with each other until recent years, led by brave little unconquered Montenegro, have met on the battlefield as one

heart and soul, to vanquish their common oppressor and age-long enemy. There was prolonged and resolute fighting at some points for twenty-four hours; at others for forty-eight; and again, at Lule-Bourgaz for three days and nights. Before their spirit of unconquerable determination, the forti-



PASTOR CHRISTOFF

Bulgarian Superintendent of Slavic Settlement in
Kansas City, Kansas
(Formerly a pastor in Macedonia)

fications at Kirk-Kilis (Lozengrad, in the Bulgarian) was taken, although the German military instructor who erected them, had declared that only Turkish troops could destroy them, and that after a siege of three months! The Bulgarian army took it in three days!

Each new report of the massacres and burnings attended by indescribable cruelties on the part of the Turks toward the non-Moslem populations of the various points from which they have been driven, have fired the hearts of old and young to reach the battlefield. After a few weeks of drilling, the Macedonian volunteers went forward.

Now while all wait and pray for peace—but peace with honor, a peace proportioned to the royal sacrifice which has been freely given for it, not only by the allied armies, with their thousands of sick, wounded, and slain, and by the indefatigable attendants on battle fields and in hospitals, but also by the brave wives at home,

who have remained with their children and aged grandparents—let us remember that this war is another exemplification of the deathless truth first declared by our Lord and Master Jesus Christ: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." God grant that this awful sacrifice shall avail to make all Europe Christian in deed and in truth!

Splendid missionary service has been wrought in Macedonia for forty years and more, in modern times, and Christianity has taken deep root in this land to which St. Paul was the first messenger of the gospel and gathered the first fruits. In Albania, where he also preached, as he tells the Romans in the nineteenth verse of the fifteenth chapter of his letter—Albania being a part of the ancient Illyricum—the history of modern evangelical effort reads like a romance; and so it is a romance of missions, for one Albanian young man almost unaided by human agencies, laid strong and deep foundations for all the evangelical work which will ever be done in his land. A patriot of the truest sort was Gerasim D. Kyrias, first giving himself unto his Lord, and then sparing no efforts for the educational and spiritual redemption of his native country. Two sisters and a brother have carried on the work since his early death in his thirtieth year, and about six years ago, the first two American missionaries entered into their labors, in connection with the American Board.

What chapters should be written to tell of the noble deeds of self-abnegation of American, Bulgarian, Greek, Servian and Albanian Christians! Their record is in heaven. Their influence will tell mightily in the development of these states of Southeastern Europe, when once they are freed.

CHARACTER-BUILDING AT KOBE COLLEGE

BY CHARLOTTE B. DE FOREST

IT comes in the dormitory life. Four girls of varying ages and dispositions are put together in one room: result—in Japan as in America—the rubbing off of corners and the development of mutual helpfulness. One roommate is offering her morning prayer or having a little Bible reading before breakfast; the three others try to dress as quietly as possible, and not to slide the closet doors open with a bang. One girl notices the improvement in the dormitory hallway where the sandals outside each room are left neatly side by side, instead of being scattered about at haphazard in the vicinity of the door; so she and her roommates make a resolution to be orderly in this little matter for the public good. One high-tempered girl finds an incompatible roommate; but one other of the group acts as peacemaker, pours oil on the waters, and by bringing both the doctrine and the practice of Christian forbearance to bear upon the

situation, prevents open disruption. So the little grains of sand pile up to help form the mighty land of the future—the Kingdom of Heaven.

It comes, too, in the classroom. A high standard of honest Christian industry is to be upheld. Cheating in examination is known to mean a zero mark. "How did you prepare this lesson?" you ask of two girls whose exercises have shown suspicious signs of collaboration. They confess that one copied from the other; a brother or a sister was ill the night before, and there had been no chance to prepare the lesson before coming to school. But they respond to the appeal of "the things that



KOBE COLLEGE DOMESTIC SCIENCE BUILDING

are more excellent" than marks, and accept for the future a higher standard of independent work and honor.

Then it comes in the faithful doing of an assigned bit of domestic work. Doing it as unto the Lord makes even the drudgery of sweeping and dusting divine. And here one may lend a helping hand to a tired or belated sister without compromising her,—as one could not so well do in the matter of those written exercises. So we come to learn discrimination between the helpfulness that upbuilds, and that which leads another into temptation. (See frontispiece.)

But it comes to its crown when it begins to say: "I have freely re-

ceived,—what may I give?" And the girl begins with her own younger roommate or some school friend, to try to bring to her also the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ. "O what can I do to help my father to know about Jesus Christ?" is the typical plea of the eager, warm heart that has opened to the love of the Saviour. Some years ago it was the reading of the life of Elizabeth Fry that started the awakened conscience to say, "Isn't there something we can do like her?" And the volunteer Sunday-school work rose from that query.

One winter morning as I woke before the sunrise, a sound floating in through my window prompted me to get up, softly unfasten the shutters and look out. There, on a rockery above the tennis court terrace was a little group of girls praying. It was shortly before the annual Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges, and these girls were bearing the frost of the dawn to have together a season of petition for a blessing upon that day, and upon certain special girls for whose Christian awakening they were working.

And so by the little candles that shine each in its own corner to light the builders, the work in each heart goes on under the direction of the great Master Builder. May Kobe College provide no stubble, but only such material as shall endure the tests of time until the great Day of the Lord come!

A HINDU WEDDING

BY MRS. JOHN S. CHANDLER

SOMETIME ago we had rather an unusual opportunity of witnessing the peculiar, interesting and long drawn-out ceremonies of a Hindu wedding in a family of the wealthy class. The bride and groom belonged to the caste of Brahmans among the silk weavers, a community which is supposed to have various castes within it. Their customs are very like those of the Brahmans in many ways, though they eat meat. This however is true of some of the classes of North India Brahmans.

The wedding was set for eight o'clock in the morning, which hour found us promptly at the home of the bride. She was an orphan, and the wedding was given by her uncle. The house was a fine one, having a spacious assembly room at the front. Although it was daytime, this room was brilliantly lighted by immense chandeliers with numerous candles, besides three dozen cocoanut oil lamps and three powerful kerosene lamps. It was soon filled by a large company of silk weaver men,

most of whom were in their "dress suits," consisting of a fine muslin loin cloth and an equally fine shoulder cloth. Coats were formerly not allowed at funerals or weddings, but the advance of civilization was evident in that there was a fair sprinkling of coats in the company.

The women of the house and the guests occupied rooms surrounding the reception room. They were all elegantly arrayed in silk cloths with gold borders, tight-fitting jackets of elaborate gold woven texture, and masses of jewelry on their necks, their ears, noses, hair, their arms above and below the elbow, and on their ankles. There must have been many thousands of rupees' worth of jewelry worn.

The bridegroom tarried and the guests waited, but everyone was friendly and we had a good opportunity for observation. There were certainly no signs of "race prejudice" or dislike of Europeans. The little bride came to greet us. She seemed very self-possessed and calmly happy and not at all shy. She was dressed in a lovely rose-colored silk cloth with an elegant wide gilt border and many jewels including diamond earrings. Her hair was braided down her back with leaves of the fragrant screw pine entwined with it, the braid ending in conspicuous tassels. On her head she wore a close-fitting carved plate of gilded brass, and all down along the front of her glossy black hair, outlining the delicate oval of her face, was fastened an ornamented gold band.

The uncle was in an adjoining room in great suffering from sciatica. The contrast was sad between the condition of this benevolent old gentleman and the festivities of the occasion.

Presently the band played a deafening and monotonous tune and we heard the welcome sound, "The bridegroom cometh." Immediately several of the important ladies of the house went out to meet him with brass trays of betel leaf, cocoanuts, bananas and a curious red liquid made by mixing quicklime with saffron. The bridegroom was a fair slender youth dressed in a fine yellow cloth with an upper cloth of crimson silk with gold threads interwoven. He also wore a gilded cap.

The procession passed through the spacious hall, now packed with expectant guests, to the inner court. In the center, was erected a graceful canopy beautifully trimmed with streamers of fragrant jessamines. We were among the favored ones and so followed in where relatives and immediate friends were gathered. The bridegroom took his seat under the canopy and by his side were several priests of the caste. They at once began intoning Sanskrit mantrams or prayers and preliminary gifts were presented to the bridegroom. Presently a curtain was drawn in

front of him and the pretty bride was ushered in and seated opposite him, the curtain hanging between them. They then gave, each to the other, sugar and milk of which to partake. As neither of them had eaten anything for some time this must have been a welcome part of the program. Then the bride retired for a few minutes and returned in a beautiful yellow cloth which she must wear for five days. After this the curtain was removed and various ceremonies were performed, all of which were supposed to have some spiritual meaning. The bridegroom placed toe rings on the dainty foot of the bride and they exchanged jessamine wreaths. They also rubbed each others arms with sandal-wood paste, and sifted parched rice through their fingers upon a brass platter. Then they alternately let fall upon the platter a shower of copper money. Tradition says that originally this was supposed to be a shower of gold and gems but in these degenerate days copper coins are allowed. Finally the marriage badge, a gold necklace and pendant, was passed around to be touched by the friends and blessed by the priests. The bridegroom then fastened it on the neck of the bride. This was the chief ceremony and afterwards he arose and seated himself by his bride. The corner of her cloth was then tied to his shoulder cloth and we wondered if this ceremony was the origin of our expression "tying the knot." The shower of parched rice and coppers may have meant, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Thus joined together, the pair proceeded to a side room where they planted in little pots nine kinds of grain which had been previously mixed together and soaked in milk. Every day for the five days of the wedding festivities these seeds must be watered by the bride and groom, and the measure of growth to which they attain is an omen favorable or otherwise of their future life.

During these ceremonies quantities of white sugar had been freely distributed among the guests as a symbol of the joy of the happy pair. This is certainly a simpler custom than our elaborate wedding cake! Betel leaf and areca nuts were also distributed in abundance. Without this *pansupari* no ceremony in all India would be complete. It denotes courtesy and kindly attention to the guests. Sandal-wood paste must also be passed around and each one must place the tips of his fingers in the fragrant oily mixture and rub it over his hands. The Indian will usually take delight in rubbing it also on his arms and neck and chest.

The final ceremony was the sacrifice to the fire. Some coals were brought in a brazier and the bridegroom, using a mango leaf as a spoon, poured *ghee* (melted butter) on the coals many times till they burst

into a bright flame. The number of times is prescribed—it must have been nearly a hundred. The bride did not take part in this at all—perhaps this signifies the pre-eminence of the husband as the priest of the home. This sacred fire must be kept up for five days, day and night. Letting it go out would spell disaster in big capitals. After the bridegroom had fed the flames, the pair walked three times from left to right around the fire, worshipping as they went. During all the ceremonies both the bride and groom worshiped off and on by bowing the head and folding the hands in adoration, but the priests were the only ones who prayed audibly and we were told that they probably did not understand what they uttered. After the worship of the fire the knot was untied and the ceremony for the day was finished.

The bride looked pale but certainly seemed happy. Poor girl! Her troubles will come later. Think of all the good times she will miss according to our standards! No more happy schooldays, no pleasant innocent friendships with brave manly boys, no day dreams, no romance—she is a *married woman at eleven!* Before very long she will be playing with a baby of her own when she ought to be playing with dolls. Let us hope her boy husband at least will be kind to her.

KINDERGARTEN WORK AT HARPOOT

BY ISABELLE HARLEY

THE two big things which are receiving attention and occupying most of my time are training class work and language study. These pretty well occupy each day and the chinks are filled in with Y. W. C. A. work, conferences with the kindergarten teachers, girls coming to my room to see me, callers of one kind and another, letter writing, station meetings and exercise. There is not an idle minute in the day and the days just fly. Monday morning comes and before I know it, it is Friday night again.

Let me tell you more about the training class. The first day seven girls enrolled, the second day there were eight, the third day the ninth appeared, the second week brought the tenth, the third week the eleventh, and the fourth week the twelfth applied for admission. A special room seemed necessary for the success of the work and the happiness of the girls, so, as there was not a vacant room in any of the school buildings, the station gave permission to use a room easy of access, in one of the

mission dwelling houses. I have had two large tables with six drawers each and twelve chairs made. The girls use the tables in place of desks, keeping their books and materials in the drawers. They take great pride in the room and I have put the entire care of it into their hands. Here they study and recite,—in fact, spend all their time when they are not in the kindergarten, observing, or in the college laboratory where they go for botany. The girls are all college graduates and have bright minds. Their great need is a personal relationship with the great Master Teacher himself. If I can bring them into such a relationship as well as give



IN THE KINDERGARTEN AT HARPOOT WITH MISS HARLEY

them a firm foundation upon which to work I shall feel that I have succeeded in my mission.

I myself teach the girls ten hours a week, the time being divided between the Theory of the Gifts and Occupations, Story Telling and Child Study. As language study must have at least three hours of each day Miss Daniels thought I ought not to undertake too much of the work myself so I gave over the kindergarten games to one of the native teachers. She is doing well. Mrs. Henry Riggs is giving the girls a course in "How to Teach the Bible to Children." One of the college

professors takes the class in "History of Education," another professor has the botany in charge, while a native teacher instructs them in drawing. Besides class work the girls have seven hours a week of observation in the kindergarten.

Two of the members of the class are mothers. One of them is a good leader and I hope next year she will be able to work among the mothers of Harpoot. It is a matter near to her heart and she is studying with that intention. Being herself a mother of three children she will have much influence with other mothers, and I hope with her help we can do a large work through some kind of a mothers' organization. She is a constant joy to me and her influence over the other girls is good. Before her marriage she was a teacher in Euphrates College, so knows all about the trials as well as the joys of teaching which makes her want to help the other girls all she can to be the very best kind of teachers.

The kindergarten is getting on well. One of the teachers does especially good work. Thus far this year we have done nothing among the mothers. It troubles me that even yet I am able to do so little, but I know that I ought not to undertake any more than I can do well. Every minute of the day is taken now, but I hope to do more before the year is over.



PATHS OR WEEDS—WHICH?

BY A JUNIOR LEADER

I was feeling just a little discouraged with the Mission Workers. It was not that the meetings were poorly attended, for the numbers had kept up a respectable average from month to month. Nor was it that the programs had been a failure. I reviewed them mentally. It was true they had not been ideal; and Conscience declared with suspicious promptness that I had not been quite as faithful in their preparation as was desirable. Still they had interested the children—"which certainly is the main point," I argued emphatically, adding (though with the precaution of first shutting Conscience into my dark closet), "And anyway I have been too busy to do them any better!"

What had been the trouble then? Half the year had passed, you see, and it was the time of my semi-annual stock-taking. I always make a rather formal inventory of past mistakes and successes, of obligations met or still pending, of assets and of liabilities in every department of my living, when the year is partly over. It's a habit I learned years ago from my grandmother who was thought the wisest woman in two counties. She used to say that her "plan of life" needed setting to rights at least twice a year, quite as much as her bureau drawers!

But to go back to my Mission Workers, I could not seem to find and tag any definite reason for my feeling of discouragement. There was certainly something wrong in the atmosphere of that band and yet I couldn't lay my finger on it. Afterward I thought that perhaps if Conscience hadn't been penned up quite so closely I might have been more clear-eyed! But however that may be, it was not until evening, while I was reading, that the puzzle was solved. Suddenly my answer stared straight up at me from the page of my book. Here are the exact words,—I am putting them in italics because they are more important than all the rest of this tale put together,—*"When Dr. Paton would be absent for many months from the New Hebrides he could always tell the state of the native Christians by the path that led up to the prayer house, and he would look at this to see whether it was grown with grass and weeds."*

It came to me then, as plain as day, that the "path to *my* prayer house" might reveal a good deal about the "state" of that mission band with its troublesome atmospheric difficulty,—and I fell to counting the weeds. Truth to tell, however, I didn't need to count, to know that the path was pretty well overgrown!

"What a ridiculous spectacle you are, Susan Briggs," I finally thought to myself after working my mind into a great whirl with trying to recall how long it was since I had purposely walked down that path for even so much as a ten-minute talk with God about the Mission Workers. "It would be just as sensible to make your bread without yeast and then feel discouraged because it wouldn't rise, as to think you can run a mission band for God without more prayer than *your* path shows! A nice presumptuous person you are, to be sure!"

So then I set to work trampling down another weed and teaching the children to wear clear paths to their prayer houses too. "Be it resolved," said I, writing it out on paper to make it more emphatic, "Be it resolved that I take a special trip for the Mission Workers down my prayer path every single day as long as I am leader."

Since then I have found the "atmosphere" considerably more satisfactory,—as well as the attendance and the programs. So I pass on the proposal to you. What does the path to your prayer house look like?

On March 19th will be celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of David Livingstone's birth. Because he is widely known and greatly honored for his explorations as well as for his missionary work, much will be said about him in the public schools and through the press. Plainly so important a celebration in honor of a missionary hero should not go unnoticed in our mission bands and young people's societies even though our study is largely devoted to China this year. Accordingly there will be published in next month's *LIFE AND LIGHT* suggested programs on Livingstone suitable for children and for young people. In planning ahead for your March meeting, therefore, don't forget to read up about the great African hero and to look for helps on the Junior Department page of the next number.

M. P.



For list of officers see second page of cover

FIRST DAYS AT BROUSA

BY EDITH PARSONS

I have what Miss Allen apologetically called "a tiny room." It is small, but it has sunshine and a view of the mountains, and it is large enough for a bed and a bureau, a washstand, little table, chair, and books at the foot of the bed. It has a big window and opens out of the Allens' living room with its large stove; and there I also have my desk at which I am now writing. Miss Allen and her father have rooms off the living room, and downstairs is the kitchen. Some of the girls and the native teacher sleep there.

The girls had decorated our rooms so that there was hardly room for us ourselves, and they had practiced some songs of welcome, which we went over to the school in the evening to hear. . . . I have only met the girls, of course, but it is touching to see how glad they are to have me here, and overwhelming to have them kiss my hand and put it up to their foreheads.

I hope you are at ease about me for I am serene and comfortable here. Probably you know a great deal more about the war than we do,—we cannot even find out which side is winning. . . . The occasion of the English vice consul's sister being here was a welcoming reception, which was given for Janet McNaughton and myself, with all the graduates living in Brousa and those who had known the school and had been connected with it. The vice consul and his sister have been in Brousa thirty years, and are looked upon as the natural protectors of the school. We had a very nice little party, most of the people being Armenian naturally, and with such long names I do not see how I can ever remember them. I have gone right to work. I have visited my classes with Miss Jillson, and have begun teaching and my Turkish lessons.

Yesterday we had a holiday. In the morning we went down to the bazaars and bought a dark red Turkish cover with gilt and black stripes to go over my bed to keep it clean and give a couch effect, also a curtain and bureau scarfs and some Turkish towels. My things are unpacked and put away, and I have plenty of room now, so I do not care if the freight never comes, except that I would like my books. We are to have shelves for them in the living room. The general slowness of the freight transportation is the most we have experienced of the war, except that all the able-bodied men have gone to the front.

In the afternoon we ordered a carriage, and all five squeezed in,—Mr. and Miss Allen, Miss Jillson, Janet and I. It seemed doubtful whether the carriage and horses would stand the strain. Part of the time some of us walked while going up the mountain. Brousa was spread below us on the first slope of the mountain, overlooking the plain. It is a large city, long rather than wide. It looks very pretty from above, with all the red tiled roofs, a great many trees and many mosques with white minarets. They say there are three hundred and sixty-five mosques. We passed a line of camels going over the mountain. A man was leading the foremost, and the others were tied each to the tail of the one in front of him, and a little baby camel was running by its mother. Except for the camels and the appearance of the houses below us, the scene might have been in California. The mountains and the weather were so like ours, it seemed as if we might meet people whom we knew around any turn. Most of the mountains are like the barer, higher California ranges, the Mount Hamilton or the Gavilan, though we went at last where it was like our Santa Cruz Mountains. We rode up and around a shoulder of the mountain, and there left the carriage with the Allens and three of us walked over a by-path to a little village called Inkiah.

It was near a brook where was a beautiful great old sycamore (they call them plane trees here) under which some old women were shelling beans and spreading them out to dry. . . .

I wish I could hear more Turkish spoken. The girls use Armenian when they do not speak English. I have a charming teacher, a Turkish young woman who teaches the Turkish classes in the school. She used to attend the school and wants to go to the college in Constantinople, but has not been able to arrange it this year. Miss McNaughton studies Turkish with me, as she had never read or written it. We are beginning with the Arabic characters (the Armenians all read and write Turkish with their own alphabet), but everyone advised us to use the Arabic. They say if one learns Aremo first, one never can learn the other.

The next thing to tell you about is the buildings, or rather the lack of them. All the facts have already been reported, but I may say that we have hired an adjoining house for extra dormitory space, and have cut doorways through the walls between. One of the native teachers sleeps there with the girls. The worst of the overcrowding is relieved, though things are still far from satisfactory. The dining room is atrocious, really that is not too strong a word. We all say, "Next year, we *must* have buildings."

As for the girls in the school, they are very attractive, and most of them are working well. When one considers that the high school work is done in English which is not their own language, they do extremely well. I have a Bible class, two history classes and one in English literature. I have a Sunday-school class of older girls, one Miss Allen has been teaching. She teaches one in Armenian for women. Also they have asked me to superintend the school Christian Endeavor Society.

GIFTS FOR THE POOR AT LINTSING

BY SUSAN B. TALLMON.

From a number have come gifts for the poor and you would like to know how the money is being spent. A small volume would not be sufficient for recording the stories of all those you have helped. Some were beggars but most were people we know personally,—helpless old people, poor neighbors, day school pupils, or needy sick in the hospital. One was a poor old woman who was dying of cancer. The kind-hearted nuns at a Buddhist temple near by gave her a place to live and the food she ate was partly from you. Her last days were thus made easier than they might have been.

One family you are helping is a lame widow and two little girls. The father, a working man, who earned enough to keep his family, died of pneumonia after only a few days' illness and left them with not even a roof over their heads. Their gratitude for the few dimes they have received from time to time (enough to pay their rent) is pathetic. Several times money has gone to get a few meals for the hungry little children of a man who used to be a helper but had to be discharged for dishonesty.

One gift paid the workman who mended the leaky roof of an old blind woman's house. Another who is helped is one of our gatekeepers, a very valuable man in our work, who has tuberculosis. The cod liver oil furnished him is doing much toward building up his body. His face is fuller and he coughs hardly at all. We begin to hope he may really be cured. A family living in the same yard as a young woman who sews for me pawned their winter bedding for about twenty-five cents. They were given twenty-two and a half cents when they left the bedding. If at the end of the month they wish to redeem their property they must bring twenty-five cents plus an interest of two and a half cents and if they wait two months, bring thirty cents. Is it any wonder that the pawn shops grow rich? The sewing woman in telling of this family said: "For two weeks they have had nothing to eat except what the neighbors give them. The father is away looking for work. We are so sorry for the mother and three children. She can't get any sewing to do. They never ask for anything and when one of the neighbors offers to lend her money or a garment to pawn, she says: 'How can I borrow anything more? I'll never be able to pay it back.' When I make my food at night the smallest girl sometimes comes and stands at the door and her eyes are so big and hungry and she never says a word. Then I dip out a bowl of mush and give to her and tell her to run to her room and eat it. If I have anything left I usually give it to them. But I am poor myself and the baby eats more than she used to and it takes more cloth to make her clothes, so I can't help them very much." Some of your money is to be given them each week, during the weeks I shall be away. I am not giving much, but enough to make the burden for the neighbors a little lighter.

Last Sunday after church there was a little group of women gathered around me. Several wished to thank me for the help given them that week. I received their thanks and turned to speak to others as I would rather not have it generally known that we are helping people. But one of the women still stood there and said, "*Please, doctor*" in a tone not to be ignored. Her little daughter of twelve is in our day school. A good,

quiet child she is, and studies well. The child's father is not a Christian and never comes to church, though the mother constantly attends. They are very poor and the father wants to have the little girl married while the mother wishes her to go to school. The girl has been helped some with a garment now and then, but we cannot promise to support her. "Please doctor," she said again. I turned with regret in my heart that we could not promise what I expected her to ask. There was a hungry, eager look in her eyes, and what she said was, "Please, doctor, will you not pray much for my husband?" Yes, I could give what she asked.

This is a little of what your gifts are doing.

OUR FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

Miss Jessie Holeman writes from Constantinople:—

I certainly arrived in Turkey at a most critical period and just now there is more danger from civil war, owing to a quarrel for supremacy between the "Opposition" party and "Progress and Union" party, than there is of violence from the lower element and fanatics. If you can imagine yourself sitting upon the top of a volcano with the feeling that at any moment an eruption may occur, you will know our condition here. After peace negotiations began last week, the tension was removed and we could see such a difference in the expressions on faces, so for several days we all felt much better,—then at midnight Saturday a battle commenced near enough the city for us to hear the cannons and see the smoke. It continued until some time Monday. Monday many children were absent and four of our native teachers had gone to places of safety, but we continued school under many difficulties until yesterday, as we felt it was much better for our children to be here than on the streets or in their homes hearing the critical situation discussed. We also were taking extreme precautions against cholera as we heard there were many cases among the refugees and wounded soldiers, but yesterday morning the government, through the newspapers, ordered all schools closed, so we closed at noon for an indefinite period. For days our suit cases have been packed ready to leave at a moment's notice should it become necessary, and since the battle so near us we have had the most minute instructions from our ambassador, Mr. Rockhill, and from Mr. Peet, as to what to

do, and have even slept partly clothed. None of us feel frightened or nervous, but we all realize the danger, especially from fire,—even should nothing else happen.

We are very cautious about the cholera, not going where there are any sick, having all our food thoroughly cooked to kill any possible germs, not eating fresh fruits nor drinking water except from our own cistern—even having cholera medicine in the house, a prescription of Dr. Shepard's which is said to be very fine.

Not once since I started have I regretted my decision to come here and spend these few years in Turkey. Notwithstanding the many dangers which seem to be threatening us, I feel all will be right with us and we shall come out safely, still if it should not, "I am my Father's child, and he doeth all things well."

Mrs. Genevieve Davis Olds writes from Miyazaki, Japan:—

I think you will be interested to hear a little about our kindergarten, as it starts out on another year. I had hoped that the numbers would increase to fifty but as yet we have scarcely forty. Still there are a number of homes from which we have a promise of children soon, and we trust that our numbers will be largely increased. The three young teachers are very earnest in their work, spending all their extra time in organ practice, English study and in calling on the mothers of the children.

The work of the mothers is one of the encouraging features of this kindergarten. As you know most of our children come from the best homes of the city,—those of the officials, doctors, lawyers, teachers and wealthy business men. Our former teacher, Kurozumi San, had a great influence over these mothers so that a number of them have become interested in Christianity and are ready to hear the Bible woman as she comes into their homes for Bible lessons. We have a monthly mothers' meeting where helpful talks on mothers' problems receive most earnest attention. Last week instead of the usual talk, I took the subject of the Care and Feeding of the Little Child, with a demonstration later of modified milk. I also taught them to make a few simple dishes, such as scrambled eggs, milk toast and a custard. They seemed to enjoy the meeting and went home eager to try some of the simple cooking for their children. I could spend all my time in calling at the children's homes and in trying to help the teachers, and yet I have so little time to give to such work. I long for a trained kindergartner to come out here who

shall use her training to help the teachers and to work for these mothers and children, leading them to Christ. At the kindergarten conference in Karnizawa, the thought that was predominant was the tremendous power of the kindergarten in bringing Christ into the homes of the people. Kindergarten work is evangelistic as truly as that of the Sunday school, direct preaching and other forms of work that are recognized as directly evangelistic. Oh, for the workers with trained minds and consecrated hearts to carry on this service for the homes of this land. Ours is the only Christian kindergarten in all this province, and people are looking to us as the model school of this region. Every little while we have visits from teachers and heads of primary schools from different places in the province, who come to get ideas from us. Are there not young women who would find a wider field for a life work along educational and evangelistic lines in such a kindergarten as this, than in the ordinary kindergarten at home?

When I think of leaving this work in May, it seems as if I cannot go without knowing that there will be some one with proper training and qualifications for it, to carry on to greater success this work which has been so near to my heart for the last three years. We hope in the coming years there may be opportunities in other towns in this province, schools that will be practically supported by the people themselves. We need a young woman who could have charge of all this work and who could do more or less evangelistic touring all over the province, carrying on women's and children's meetings. May God put it into the hearts of some one to answer this call.

Our new Bible woman, Nera San, who came down with us in September, is starting in very nicely with her house-to-house Bible classes. She is quiet and ladylike and will do good work we are sure. We feel as if there never had been so many opportunities for calling as there are now. We plan to invite Japanese guests to supper one night every week. Two weeks ago our guests were a nominally Christian doctor and his family, and this week they are to be an official next to the governor in rank and his sister. These people are seeking to learn more about Christian truth and we hope to be able to help them.

Miss Lulu G. Bookwalter writes from Uduvil, Ceylon:—

The trip to Kodaikanal was a very good one. Kodai is a beautiful place. It would have made you happy to see the hard-working missionaries playing for awhile, with natural vigor and ruddy faces. I went

with my sister's family, Mr. and Mrs. Ward and little Lewis, out to the mountains and the jungle about seventeen miles from Kodai. This was the best of all. One morning we started at four o'clock with a lantern and climbed a mountain for an hour, coming to the top as the dawn appeared. I never before have felt the beauty of the poet's descriptions of the dawn, but this morning I saw it in all its splendor. The morning star in the center of the beautiful glow shed a golden light, and the clouds below us were tinted with a rosy hue. We walked on over rocks and found a herd of bison and some ibex on a cliff far away. We brought no guns, so we could enjoy watching them. Suppers by a little stream under the open sky and cooking one's meals over a fire gave charm to this calm, free life of the mountains.

The English School examination passed off well. The government inspector expressed his approval and pleasure at the work of the school. It has risen in the estimation of the Tamil people, and our own people, while many from other missions are seeking places with us for their daughters. It has been simply awful to go through this business of turning away girls from the school. The tears of parents, entreaties of pastors and friends, telegrams, letters, and what not else have been of no avail with the hard-hearted *Ammah*. If there is no room I simply cannot take the girls into the school. The little room we had was filled with children of our own Christian families or of our own Christian agents. They have attended our district English schools and when they are too old to go there any longer they must be taken in somewhere. They naturally turn to their own girls' boarding school. There have been several cases of parents seeking admission for their daughters from very bigoted families and communities,—families who have never allowed their girls to go away from their own compound. Pastors have written entreaties, urging me to make this one a special case, but they all seem to be special cases!

We feel that the tide has turned and that now is the time to meet it and take the girls. The mission are greatly stirred over the matter but they are powerless. Even the most particular parents in our mission have come to feel that Uduvil English school is a very desirable place for their daughters to be. If the outlook were more hopeful for more accommodation it would help us in our difficult situation.

Mrs. Elizabeth Viles McBride writes from Sholapur, India:—

I was much interested in Miss Lamson's account in the LIFE AND LIGHT of the Purdah party Mrs. Hume gave for her in Bombay, and her

account of the Parsi lady who liked to sing hymns. When I first came to India that same lady took me to see the "Towers of Silence" where as you know the Parsi dead are exposed to be eaten by vultures. She explained all the symbolism, and one could see all the time that she was striving to show how much alike her religion and Christianity really were. I asked how many Parsis understood the religion as well as she, and she had to admit that there were very few. Her brother-in-law went to Germany to learn to read the Zend language, in which the ceremonies of the Parsis are written. It was a lost language, not even the priests understanding the meaning of the words they spoke. Some German scholars had deciphered it. They say the lady herself almost became a Christian when she was in England, but she never will come out now. She has persuaded herself that her own religion satisfies her.

Everything seems flourishing here. The day schools are in far better condition than they were a year ago. In one boy's school there are four times as many boys as there were then. This is largely because this year the schools were not closed because of plague. The girls' school is in better shape, too, with an attendance of thirty where there were not over twenty girls. If anyone is especially interested in that school, I wish they would send some dolls. The children are insatiable in that respect.

On Monday I attended a very interesting missionary meeting. We have them every month and usually different ones speak of current events in other mission fields. This time, however, they told of voluntary work done in vacation time. One Bible woman told of her experiences on the train when she was taking two orphan babies to a children's home for Mrs. Gates. There was one woman on the train who was very thirsty and at every station would go out and try to get some well water. She would not drink water from the public tap for fear of breaking caste. This gave the Bible woman a chance to speak of the Water of Life flowing freely for all. Two men went out into the villages west of here, where there is no regular mission work, and talked to the people. In one place the low-caste people, not one of whom could read and write, told him of a "document" they had for which they had already paid Rs. 175, almost sixty dollars. They brought out a bundle of rags, untied one after another, and at the end produced two pages from a child's primer. A Christian school in that village would have prevented such oppression and deceit. The man who was telling the story belonged originally to the same low caste himself, and only the benefits of a Christian education have made him what he is.

Sulochanabai, Miss Fowler's invaluable assistant, told of an incident connected with the "Saraswati Mandeh," a club of high-caste Hindu women in the town. She teaches some of them English and is on friendly terms with them. Many of them are quite advanced in their ideas. One has a grown-up daughter who is not married, a most unusual thing. Some of these ladies came to Sulochanabai and asked her for hymns to sing on some Hindu fast day when they were planning a meeting. She told them that all her hymns had the name of Jesus. They said they would take them and use the word Ish (short for Ishwar, God) in place of Jesus. She gave them two books of Mr. Tilak's, our leading poet, and sure enough they sang several of these Christian hymns, only substituting the word Ish for Jesus.

Miss Caroline E. Frost writes from Adams, South Africa:—

Miss Clarke and I are busy from getting-up-time till turning-in-time, having hardly a moment we can call our own. Even at night we know that in case of sickness we are liable to be needed. Though we may lie down for a mid-day wink of sleep a girl may come in with a cut toe or a burned finger requiring a bandage. We never know. But all this is a joy, for it gives us a sense of being useful and neither of us would have it otherwise. And not only do we live among the girls and teach them day by day, but we carry on more or less of a correspondence with those who have left us and are now teaching. We are able to keep in touch with most of them in one way or another for nearly all of them are teaching in our schools and Mr. Bunker, the supervisor, or Mr. Witt, his assistant, or Mr. Gebers, government inspector of native schools, is frequently here so that we can inquire about our girls—and boys, for we teach them too, though otherwise we do not have much to do with them.

One of the girls wrote to me once asking if I would send her some of my old magazines. I sent her some *Christian Endeavor Worlds* and other things. She said she had nothing to do in the evenings and would be glad of something to read. Then I sent to others, and such appreciative letters as have come back to me make me try not to let any reading matter suitable for them be lost in the waste paper basket. This is what Girlie Dhlamini says, away up in Zululand, miles and miles away from the railroad, in a little out-of-the-way station where she had no one with whom to speak until a change was made in teachers: "Thank you for your loving deeds of sending me those papers that have been of great help to me. In fact, it is long since we last wrote to each other but you showed signs of not having forgotten me."

Our school is quite interested in missions now and this is in great part due to Mr. LeRoy's influence and the fact that two girls from our midst have gone to Rhodesia to teach a foreign people, and others from the church have gone as evangelists. Then too there have been a number of missionaries from various societies going to and coming from other parts of South Africa who have served to keep the fire burning.

After long and earnest seeking for some one to go up to help Miss Minnie Clarke in place of the one who had been there for three years, one of our brightest and best girls, a most successful teacher, volunteered and was accepted. I will copy a part of her letter which will give you an idea of what dear girls we send away from here. "My loving Teacher: I arrived here (Mount Silinda) after a long and tiresome journey. We left Durban and sailed straight to Beira. I was very sorry because I did not see Delagoa Bay. I was happy all the time in the boat. I did not get seasick at all. In Beira we were obliged to stay seven days. They thought we were carrying sickness from Natal. So we stopped there and went about seeing different things. One day we went to the sea to pick up shells. When we crossed the tide was away, but on our return we found that we were shut in by the tide. We stood still—did not know what to do. One of us said, 'Let us take off our shoes and go across.' Suddenly we saw a very small boat with two Indians. We called to them to come and help us out. So they came. We were seven together. The boat was long and very narrow. The two Indians pushed it and it almost threw us into the water. Mr. Njapas' young daughter, Annah, who is very much afraid of death tried to jump out and throw herself into the water, but one of the Indians saw her and pushed her in. We were all frightened. We thought the canoe would be upset but fortunately we got out safely.

"White people are mostly Portuguese. We could not speak to the natives in Zulu because they could not understand us. In the hotel where we used to eat we had a Greek for our waiter. He did not understand English very well. So if we wanted tea we used to say 'tea' and then he would say 'tea, ya, we've no got.' I saw and believed that the chief language in the world among all the tongues of the white people is English and among colored people Zulu. If a Dutchman does not understand English he speaks Zulu to the Englishman. We took the train to Umtali Monday morning at 7 o'clock a. m. and reached there at 10.30 p. m. Some friends had come to meet us. We stopped for thirteen days there waiting for the wagons which came on the eighth day. We traveled in the wagons day and night at first. We reached Silinda Tuesday morning. The missionaries are kind. I like the place but I am afraid of wild animals."

As she had been there only a few days when she wrote this she had not had time to know what the work would be like. She has always had a good record so that I feel sure she will exert a Christian influence wherever she is.



Our Work at Home

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE

With Auxiliary Officers

The new old suggestion which I hold up for our discussion this month will bring a chorus of objections but I hope so hearty an endorsement from others as to drown out the dubious voices.

An officers' meeting preliminary to every auxiliary meeting.

There stands the suggestion!

What have the objectors to say?

1. "We have absolutely no time to meet, with all our other meetings!"
2. "What is the use? Society matters are swinging along as usual, every meeting is provided for!"
3. "You say it is partly for prayer? But we can each pray at home!"

The objectors have a right to be heard. If the need of an officers' meeting of this kind is not so great as to overbalance the objections then let us not have one.

What is it for? In brief, to plan and pray. In detail, to discuss how best to increase membership; what method to use next month in order to insure a good attendance; what personal work can be done, who will do it, to whom be directed; are the programs being handled in a way to cultivate interest and zeal; do our gifts come up to last year; can we not take measures to enlarge them; should we not make more use of readable leaflets; may we not find it a great advantage to have on hand a small sum for expenses, such as leaflets, a copy or two of *LIFE AND LIGHT* for distribution, an occasional tea, a speaker; how secure this?

The very fact that four or five women talk over these sundry interests of the auxiliary which is their special responsibility, is enough to insure a development of ideas and a warmer spirit of activity. Then follows the circle of prayer when all can speak more intimately and freely, than in the regular meeting. United prayer brings special blessing to those who pray, to the objects of petition also.

The preliminary officers' meeting.

It develops business methods.

It kindles the souls of officers with new fervor.

It brings spiritual forces into all plans.

Is it not worth trying?

THE JUNIOR "LOOKOUT" A NEW OFFICER FOR AUXILIARIES

BY MARY PRESTON

Miss Preston, our young people's secretary, has a proposal for the senior societies this month which finds a fitting place in this department.

For many years the Woman's Board and its Branch organizations have included upon their regularly elected slates of officers junior secretaries whose especial task has been the development of interest and support among the young people of their respective territories. It is now proposed that a similar office with the local church as its field of work be created in each local auxiliary, its holder to be called a Junior "Committee" or "Lookout." Such a step will be for many societies an entirely new departure; for some it will mean merely the increasing of powers and the defining of duties for a committee already at work; in others, the conferring of a definite office with corresponding authority and responsibility upon some woman already voluntarily meeting in greater or less degree the need for such a worker. Whatever adjustment the electing of this new official may entail, however, it is of great importance that the field of the local church, which must in the final analysis be the scene of conflict in enlisting or failing to enlist our young people, should no longer lack a regularly elected general, so to speak, possessing a definite, official relationship toward the auxiliary which selects her and toward the Branch junior secretary whose ally or assistant she becomes.

Once elected and her name reported to the Branch junior secretary, this Junior Lookout will find her position involving three lines of work, none of them very arduous, but each of them extremely important as a link in the chain of effective organization by which the junior department plans to secure greater results.

The first "line of work" will send her forth to inquire into the interest in and response to missions among the young people of her church. "What organizations to which they belong do missionary work?" she will ask herself, forthwith acquiring facts about the Cradle Roll and Mission Band, the Sunday school, Endeavor Societies and Young Women's Guild, the Queens of Avalon and the Camp Fire and every other group which exists in her church. Is there some organization having missionary interest for every age? If not, why not? What new group can be formed? What kind of missionary information is being afforded by each organization? What programs are being offered? Are they the best possible, or could they be

improved if the leaders knew where to turn for better material and helps? What organizations which might naturally be expected to give to the Woman's Board through the Branch are doing so? If some are not, is the condition due to ignorance which might be tactfully removed? Having become familiar with the situation the Lookout will attempt by friendly suggestions, by explaining away ignorance, by unobtrusively placing material in the way of leaders, by helping start the wheels for a new organization, to improve that situation. Her ideal for her church will be the development of better missionary education, more missionary prayer, greater missionary gifts, a stronger sense of responsibility toward the Woman's Board among all of its young people.

How can she attain all this alone? Ah, she can't; and this realization will lead her into the other two lines of work involved in her office. Of these the first is the enlisting of her entire auxiliary to help in the task. To begin with, she must impress upon them the importance of having junior work, their responsibility for it, and the actual conditions in their church; then she must seek their counsel and their prayer; finally she must direct their efforts. This is to be done through frequent reports at auxiliary meetings and conversations outside; possibly by an entire program on the subject (worked out with the Branch junior secretary's help) once a year. Like a watchdog the Lookout must bark and bark until the auxiliary is aroused and listens; then she must guide it to the source of trouble and start the attack!

But how shall such an officer know enough to formulate an "ideal" for her church or to "dispel ignorance," to "recommend programs and study material," to "direct efforts," to meet the problems of her "field"? True, she is not born with this knowledge at the tip of her tongue, but she can easily acquire it from her Branch junior secretary, with whom therefore the third line of her work will lie. This secretary is anxious to see the young people's work in each church increase, is anxious in fact for the very results which the Lookout desires. She has had much experience with many churches and all conditions; she is familiar with the best educational material; knows what financial policy had best be followed; is in touch with headquarters and understands where to find help for answering even the most difficult problems. Since she cannot herself be present in every church she desires nothing more than to have a responsible co-worker in each—a Junior Lookout for instance—through whom her wider knowledge may be passed on and made effective locally. The Lookout is her channel into the church; she herself is the channel through which the Lookout may obtain a broader vision, a ripper wisdom and help in difficulty.

To change the figure somewhat, the Lookout is a lieutenant in the Junior regiment where the secretary is captain. Neither can do her best work without the other. There is no doubt that the election of such Lookouts will help privates and captains alike. Individual young people, local leaders, senior auxiliaries, Branch officers, all need the new stimulus of such an officer. It is the earnest hope of Branch and Board alike that one may be chosen by each auxiliary at once, and her name sent to the Junior Secretary of the Branch. Why delay?

OUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT

The good news of the month is a gift of \$12,000 for our new school building at Chihuahua, Mexico, providing for that great need. Our hearts are thankful indeed for the generosity with which friends are participating in this undertaking. Two undesignated gifts of \$500 each from individuals and two of \$300 each from Branch memorial funds, together with several individual gifts of \$100 enable us to report the good sum of \$13,981 received during this month.

The Golden Anniversary Gift totaled \$28,765.68 on December 18th, and the following table shows what buildings have profited by it.

Smyrna, Turkey	\$6,426.00
Mardin, Turkey	898.42
Van, Turkey, new building	1,000.00
Hartford Branch has pledged \$2,000 more	
Van, Turkey, remodeling	1,000.00
Van, Turkey, furnishing	53.00
Sivas, Turkey	40.00
Ceylon, village school buildings	412.37
Chihuahua, Mexico	13,015.41
Matsuyama, Japan	268.23
Madura, India, Hospital building	300.00
Barcelona, Spain, library shelves	200.00
Kusaie, Micronesia	350.00
Undesignated	4,802.25
Total,	\$28,765.68

MRS. AMOS H. JOHNSON

This name will recall to many the gracious presence of one who for several years was the efficient president of Essex South Branch. Born in Athens, of missionary parentage, the inheritance verified itself in her whole life, while individual characteristics emphasized the activities which developed so naturally as to seem to be a part of her very being. In her hospitable Salem home she was the inspiration of many an officers' meeting, and in the public meetings of the Branch with dignified ease and self-possession she guided all details. Later during her residence in Boston she was for several years a member of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Board, where her careful consideration of questions and problems and the sound judgment which guided her decisions were highly prized. During this time she served for three years as one of the corresponding secretaries of the Board. In her sudden translation without recognized warning on the morning of December sixteenth she seems to have slipped away from the group of loved ones here to be equally at home with another beloved group on the other side.

E. H. S.

PRAYER CYCLE TOPIC

*February**The light of the knowledge of the glory of God*

For our local societies and their officers; for all study classes and their leaders; for all who make and distribute missionary literature; editors; correspondents; mission presses; Bible and tract societies; for the committee appointed at the Triennial Conference in Philadelphia to aid in publishing books for the women of the East; for medical missions and missionaries; for medical schools abroad; for more women doctors to go as missionaries; for all who suffer pain and poverty; for Red Cross workers.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT RIVERTON

A YEAR OF PROGRESS

Chapter II

AN EASTER AWAKENING

"Cuckoo," called out the Swiss clock in the library, as Mrs. Rose finished reading an article in the last LIFE AND LIGHT.

"Is it possible it is already half past two?" she said to herself, "I

must hurry, for the missionary meeting is at three and I promised to call for Mrs. Pratt and her sister. I am so glad my little Neighborhood Campaign has won two new attendants for this afternoon at least, and if we have a real good meeting perhaps they will join."

It was a bright spring-like day and there would surely be a good number at the meeting. Her neighbors were ready and waiting when she called and they were soon on their way to the parish house. As they passed Mrs. Anderson's house the lady herself came out, dressed in a pretty spring suit.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Anderson, we are evidently going to the same place. Isn't it a beautiful day for the meeting?"

"Too beautiful to stay in the house," replied Mrs. Anderson, with a shade of embarrassment. "I have just heard from an old friend who is in town for a few days, and I am going in to see her this afternoon."

"Oh, are you?" said Mrs. Rose, her face plainly showing her disappointment. "You looked so cheery and spring-like that I was thinking how much brightness you would take to the meeting. These are my neighbors, Mrs. Pratt and her sister, Miss Orne, who have just moved into our neighborhood and are going for the first time to our meeting."

"I'm sorry I can't be there, Mrs. Rose, but you look as if you could take my share of good cheer and your own too. I hope you will all enjoy the meeting. I don't often run away but I must to-day," and Mrs. Anderson hurried on. Scarcely had she crossed the street when a "honk! honk!" made the little group pause to let a fine limousine flash by. Mrs. Rose had only time to catch a glimpse of a white-gloved hand and a long white feather, but she knew the car. It belonged to Mrs. Bradley, a woman of wealth and social position. She gave liberally to all benevolences of the church but seldom attended a missionary meeting. Mrs. Rose had so recently joined the society that she did not know this and so felt another shock of surprise and disappointment as the gay motor car dashed on. They were now near Mrs. Cheseboro's house, one of the ladies whom Mrs. Rose knew best,—the wife of her physician, in fact,—and noted for her activity in all church work.

"There is one woman we shall be sure to see to-day," she meditated, very much more subdued in spirit than when she left home. Just then the front door opened and Mrs. Cheseboro beckoned to Mrs. Rose. "Oh, Mrs. Rose," she cried, "I simply cannot go to the meeting to-day. It was the only day this month my dressmaker could come and I must be here for fittings. Would you mind reading my paper? I have tried two

or three others, as I hated to trouble you, but they all have engagements like myself. It really is such a bad time to have a meeting, for these first spring days bring so much extra work. I am sorry to fail the president but it can't be helped this time. Don't lay it up against me, will you?"

Mrs. Rose smiled faintly as she took the paper and agreed to do her best. She wondered what the newcomers were thinking as they listened to these excuses. She tried to throw off her depression and speak encouragingly, as they neared the church. The thermometer seemed to drop thirty degrees as she paused at the threshold of the ladies' parlor. The sexton had evidently depended too much on the outdoor mildness and had not built a fire, and the chairs had not recovered from a children's party held the night before. About a dozen women were scattered here and there in the rather large room while the president and secretary were in front, looking anxiously at the clock.

"Good afternoon," smiled Mrs. Rose, trying to sound cheerful in spite of her feelings, "are we early?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said Mrs. Long in a dejected tone. "It is time to begin, but I was hoping a few more would come in. We really ought to have postponed this meeting. There are two teas on the Boulevard to-day which take some of our women, and this is such a busy time with Easter only a month off and people really must have something to wear."

"But surely," said Mrs. Rose, "your members would not allow a meeting to be postponed on account of teas and Easter finery, would they?"

"Oh, no, I suppose not, but it does seem sometimes as if those were the things they cared most for in these days and not the things of the church,—certainly not foreign missions. I often wonder when the latter days are to come when our sons and our daughters shall prophesy and our young men see visions. I don't see any signs of it now, I am sure," and Mrs. Long sighed.

Mrs. Rose felt as if this was not a very propitious introduction for her would-be new members, and she made a visible effort as she said softly, "But you remember, dear Mrs. Long, that the last clause of that verse is 'your old men shall dream dreams,' and in the next verse, 'and I will pour out in those days my Spirit upon you.' Do you know I like to think that connecting word 'and' means something. Our older men, and women too, I trust, are to dream dreams and after that—'and then'—the Spirit is to be not only given but literally 'poured out upon them.' We are too busy

to dream dreams these days so how can we expect the gift, since we withhold our part,—the waiting quietly before God. I hesitate to say this for as you know, Mrs. Long, I have only just begun to realize my part in the work, but it has been a wonderful experience to me and I do want to help others to find the same blessing. Count on me to help you in any way I can.”

As Mrs. Rose spoke, Mrs. Long’s face went through many changes of expression, until as she finished she came toward her with extended hand and said with emotion, “Mrs. Rose, you have put your finger on the vital spot in the life of the church. We as individual Christians have stopped taking time to dream dreams and to seek the Christ-life and the gift of gifts has passed us by. We have been too busy and our ideals have gradually grown less clear and high. But it is not too late now and we still have the promise, ‘According to your faith be it unto you.’” Mrs. Long returned to the desk and faced the little audience: “Friends,” she said, “there are only a few of us here to-day, but God is in the midst of us,—we must feel that. He has promised to give us whatsoever we ask in his name. Let us kneel together and plead for the gift we have almost forgotten to ask for in our crowded lives,—that we have almost lost through neglect. Then let us, renewed in spirit, plan for our Easter meeting in such a way that it shall revitalize every member, even as we ourselves are quickened to-day.”

Mrs. Muchmore, the chairman of the foreign missionary department, who had been sitting, a quiet, black-robed figure, in the background, seemed very much moved by Mrs. Long’s words. Her dear mother had been released from her sufferings since the New Year came in, and Mrs. Muchmore’s heart was unusually tender and her mind open to such an appeal. Her voice was one of the first to lead in prayer and her consecration to the work her mother had so loved was very sincere. After the earnest prayers were ended, the little company lingered to plan for a special Easter meeting, and Mrs. Muchmore volunteered to ask Mrs. Bradley to open her beautiful home for that purpose. It was voted to send an invitation to each woman member of the church and to have a program of special significance. Each member of the society was to be asked to respond with a verse of Scripture, having reference to personal service of the risen Christ, and this Roll Call meeting was to be preceded by much prayer at home on the part of those now planning it, so that it was hoped it would mark a new era in the life of the society.

It was with hopeful hearts that they went out of the church that after-

noon, perfectly sure of the God in whom they believed and in his power to accomplish great things.

The weeks passed rapidly and the first Wednesday of the month dawned bright and fair. Carriages and automobiles all seemed to be going toward Mrs. Bradley's house and as the various groups entered they wondered if it was really the Riverton missionary society that was entertaining its members and friends that afternoon at Mrs. Bradley's beautiful home. The choicest of Easter cards had been sent out as invitations to this unusual meeting, and as the guests arrived they heard strains of Easter music. The resurrection flower, the Easter lily, was everywhere. As the music grew fainter, a chorus of young girls dressed in white took up the refrain until the audience was thrilled anew with the thought that "Christ the Lord was risen indeed." Then Mrs. Bradley's young daughter, a talented reader, told "Lib's Story of the Master's Garden" by Annie Trumbull Slosson.

Mrs. Long, the president, said that Miss Bradley had chosen that special story for an Easter reading because of its beautiful symbolism. Just as the little unnoticed common weeds had claimed the sweetest smile of the Master, so even the most commonplace, the weakest of God's children could rise to greatest heights of service and love if imbued with the Christ power.

"Go make thy garden fair as thou canst
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it and mend his own."

Then briefly she told of the last meeting of the society, the discouragement and depression followed by the wonderful rebirth, spiritually, of those present, and of their plan to hold the Roll Call meeting to-day. She said they were to have a roll call of the members, who had been asked to respond by some special Easter verse or a personal testimony.

Mrs. Bradley's name came first. In low tones, she spoke of the new purpose which had come to her to make her home a center of helpful influences which should reach even to the ends of the earth. In their early married life, she and her husband had purposed to do this but worldly pleasures and cares had swept her away from this ideal, but from this time on she had chosen as her motto, with God's grace to help her, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness."

Before Mrs. Bradley could sit down Mrs. Wheeler was on her feet. She said she had been re-reading the *Life of Alice Freeman Palmer* and

had been so impressed with the testimony of the woman who wrote after her death, "To meet her in the morning made the whole day bright. After her death I pinned her picture on the wall over my table. I often look at it and promise 'I will be a better woman, Mrs. Palmer, because you have lived.' " "I could not help wondering," added Mrs. Wheeler, "who would do that to my picture when I died and I felt sure no one would ever say she was better because I had lived. Oh, it was a dreadful thought and I asked God to make my life of some little value to one other soul at least. The verse I have chosen is 'Whatsoever ye do whether ye eat or drink do all to the glory of God.' "

Mrs. Rose told the story of a little boy who was intensely interested as he heard people talking of some one's death and sufferings, but when he found it was the Saviour of the world his interest flagged. He said, "Oh, it is only Jesus. I've heard that before." Mrs. Rose said she feared many Christians regarded the story in the same way and said the words that came to her that day were, "This is the body that was broken for you." If Christ's body was broken for her could she offer only crumbs of time, strength and talents to him? No, it must be nothing short of her all and that she gave anew to-day!

Some one at the piano started the hymn, "Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord." Then as by one common impulse all heads were bowed and many a voice never before heard in prayer lifted a trembling petition, asking that the desires and hopes of that hour might be crystallized into a golden reality.

The sun had been slowly westering as they sang, but as the last note died away the heavens seemed ablaze with light,—crimson, purple and gold. It seemed almost an answer to their prayers, as they watched the changing skies and Mrs. Bradley expressed the thought of all when she said, "The Lord himself has set his approval on our efforts and the Riverton society shall go forward in his might from glory unto glory."

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOK TABLE

Sun Yat Sen. By James Cantlie and Sheridan Jones. Published by Fleming Revell Company. Pp. 252. Price, \$1.25 net.

The sub-title of the sketch of China's most famous citizen is "The Awakening of China."

Dr. Cantlie, an Englishman, was dean of the College of Medicine in Hong Kong during the five years Sun was studying at that institution. For twenty-five years he has been the close, intimate friend of the Chinese patriot, and his home in London was one of Sun's retreats after the kidnapping episode and on other occasions when his life was in danger.

There is a widespread idea that Sun was born in Honolulu but this is not the case. He was born in 1867 in the province of Kwang-tung, some thirty miles south of Hong Kong. His father was a convert to Christianity and was in the employ of the London Missionary Society. Doubtless Sun acquired his knowledge of English in the mission schools. In 1894 Sun joined a society in Canton of some eighteen members whose purpose was to *mend* or *end* the Manchu dynasty. Many of us remember what consternation was caused in China by the radical reforms projected by the Emperor and how the whole enterprise was quashed by the Empress Dowager. Seventeen were beheaded leaving Sun the only survivor. After a career full of dramatic episodes for Sun, in February, 1912, the Manchu Emperor abdicated and Sun Yat Sen's life work was accomplished. We all know how he was made president of the New Republic and how he resigned this high office in favor of Yuan Shih Kai. Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward in an editorial in the *Independent* discusses this act of Sun Yat Sen's and regards it as sublime unselfishness.

This story of the real happenings in the life of a real man are as fascinating as any work of fiction. The book is well illustrated and a chapter is given to the "Flag of the New Republic." Another chapter on "The Fight with Opium" is of thrilling interest, especially as it is intimated that England again is to force the drug on an unwilling people. The book closes with a statement and an appeal by Sun Yat Sen to the friends of China in the United States of America, reprinted by permission from the *New York Sun*.

As this year is given to a study of New China such books as Margaret Burton's *Notable Women of Modern China* and this life of Sun Yat Sen are of special value.

G. H. C.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS

The magazines are again overflowing with articles on the Balkan question. The *Fortnightly Review* for December has five; the *National Geographical Magazine* for November has wonderful illustrations on the different Balkan countries and an article by Hon. James Bryce on "Two Solutions of the Eastern Question." "Outlook in the Near East." *Nineteenth Century*, December. "The Balkan Question" and "Turkey in Asia," *Forum*, January. January *Atlantic Monthly*, "The Balkan Crisis." The December *Contemporary Review* has "The Drama of the

Balkans and its Closing Scenes." The *Missionary Review* for January gives "The Political and Religious Results of Balkan War."

The January *Missionary Review* writes of "Three Centers of the Moslem Rule,—Mecca, Constantinople, Cairo"; and the *International Review of Missions* continues in the January number its discussion of the "Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam."

CHINA.—"Position of Woman in China," *Popular Science Monthly*, January.

INDIA.—"Industrial Mission Work in India," *International Review of Missions*, January.

AFRICA.—"Problems of the Native Church in South Africa," *Missionary Review*, January. "A Wise Book of West Central Africa," *Contemporary Review*, December.

Of special interest is the article in the January *International Review of Missions* on "Ideal of Womanhood as a Factor in Missionary Work."

F. V. E.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from November 18 to December 18, 1912

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Friend, 12,000; Friend, 5, 12,005 00

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bar Harbor, C. R., 12; Bristol, Ch., 1; Calais, Aux., Th. Off., 25; Woman's Assoc., 6.10; Greenville, Aux., 10; Oldtown, Ch., 5, 59 10

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Augusta, Aux., 26.75; Bath, Winter St. Ch., Aux., 65.50; Cape Elizabeth, Spurwink Ch., Aux., 12; Gorham, Aux., 96; North Waterford, Ch., 1; Otisfield, Aux., 5.25; Portland, Friend, 25, State St. Ch., Aux., 4.90, Williston Ch., C. E. Soc., 12; York, Aux., 31. Less expenses, 10.13, 269 27

Total, 328 37

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Friend, 25 00
New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brackett, Treas., 69 North Spring St., Concord. Acworth, Ladies' Aid Soc., 2; Boscawen, W. M. S., 9; Exeter, Aux., 52; Franklin, Aux., 3; Greenville, Ladies' Social Cir., 3; Littleton, Aux., 66.21; Manchester, First Ch., Aux., 42.50; Milford, Aux., 10.50; Nashua, Miss. Outlook Soc., 31.20; Nelson, Cong'l Ch., Ladies, 3; New Ipswich, Ch., 3; Plaistow and North Haverhill, Mass., Evang'l Ch., 5; Portsmouth, Aux., 30.63; Wilnot, First Ch., 5. Less expenses, 38.80, 227 24

Total, 252 24

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Bennington, North, Aux., 10; Brattleboro, Center Ch., Th. Off., 52.83; Burlington, College St. Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 21), 39, First Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 66), 93, Y. P. Soc. 10; Castleton, Aux. (Th. Off., 12.20), 18.18; Chelsea, C. E. Soc., 10; Chester, Aux., 10; Cornwall, Aux., Th. Off., 18.35, Prim. S. S., 5; Dorset, Aux. (Th. Off., 7.15), 52.08; Hardwick, Aux. Th. Off., 12.50; Hartford, Aux., 14.50; Hinesburg, Aux., Th. Off., 5; Jericho Corners, Second Ch., Aux., 7; Ludlow, Aux. (Th. Off., 17.35), 21.15; Middlebury, Aux., 23; Middletown Springs, Aux., Th. Off., 8.50; Norwich, Aux., Th. Off., 11; Orwell, Aux., 8.70; Peacham, Aux., 15; Putney, Ch., 3; Randolph, Aux., 25; Rochester, Aux., Th. Off., 10.62; Rupert, Aux., 5.50; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 68.50; Salisbury, Aux., 10; Waitsfield, Aux., Th. Off., 4.64, Jr. S. S., Th. Off., 1.14; Westminster West, Aux., Th. Off., 5; Wilmington, King's Children, 2; Winooski, Aux., 3.75. Less expenses, 93.25, 490 69

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thorndike St., Lawrence. Andover, Ch. of Christ of Phillips Academy, Aux., 87.90, South Ch., Aux., 100.10; North Andover, Aux., 20; North Chelmsford, S. S., 5; Winchester, Second Ch., Miss. Soc., 20, 233 00

<i>Barnstable Association</i> .—Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis. Hyannis, Ladies,	
<i>Berkshire Branch</i> .—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Friend, 25; Dalton, Mrs. Zenas Crane, 100; Housatonic, Mrs. Mary S. Ramsdell, 100,	5 00
<i>Boston</i> .—Alice W. Eells, in mem. of Priscilla Eells,	225 00
<i>Essex South Branch</i> .—Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Boxford, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. William B. Howe); Lynn, Chestnut St. Ch.,	5 00
<i>Franklin County Branch</i> .—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Erving, Prim. S. S., 2.60; Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., 5; New Salem, First Ch., 7; Northfield, Aux., 9.40; Orange, Aux., 26.25; Light Bearers, 2.55; Shelburne, Aux., 39.76,	3 00
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, Aux. (Th. Off., 40), 58; Amherst, South, 30; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 88.03), 114.21, First Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 150, Friend, in mem. of Miss Maria A. Bliss, 100, Smith College Assoc., Miss. Dept., 45; Southampton, Sunshine Band, 10,	92 56
<i>Middlesex Branch</i> .—Mrs. Frederick L. Claflin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Framingham, Off. at Ann. Meet., 19.79, Grace Ch., Aux., 40; Natick, Aux., Th. Off., 57.12; Wellesley, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 300,	507 21
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch</i> .—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Holbrook, Aux., Th. Off., 61; Plymouth, Aux., 16.80; Plympton, C. E. Soc., 7; Stoughton, Aux., Th. Off., 20; Weymouth, East, Aux., Th. Off., 29; Weymouth, South, Old South Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 45), 54.55,	416 91
<i>North Middlesex Branch</i> .—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Ashby, Aux., 21, Woman's Union, 10,	188 35
<i>Old Colony Branch</i> .—Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Fall River, Aux., Friends,	31 00
<i>Springfield Branch</i> .—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Blandford, Aux., 2.50; Springfield, South Ch., S. S., Prim. Dept., 3; Westfield, First Ch., S. S., 27,	1,000 00
<i>Suffolk Branch</i> .—Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Allston, Aux., 6.48; Auburndale, C. R., 4.25; Belmont, Plymouth Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 12.50; Boston, Mt. Vernon Ch., Friend, 250, Aux., 30.15, Mt. Vernon Guild, 15, Shaymut Ch., Aux., Mrs. Sarah M. Dewing (to const. L. M. Mrs. E. Ellsworth Shumaker), 25, Union Ch., Monday Evening Miss. Club, 28; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., S. S., C. R., 20; Brighton, Aux., 54.03; Brookline, Leyden Ch., Woman's Union, 60; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 41, North Ch., Aux., Miss Charlotte H. Hapgood, 40, Prospect St. Ch., Woman's Guild, 60, C. E. Soc., 10; Chelsea, First Ch., C. R., 12.50; Dorchester, Central Ch., Aux., 27.35, Romsey Ch., S. S., 12, Second Ch., Y. L. F. M. S., 62, Village Ch., Aux., 5.50; Everett, First	34 50
Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. Charles Baldwin, Mrs. Keeney Smith); Mansfield, Woman's Union, 25; Newton, Eliot Ch., Woman's Assoc., 300; Newton Centre, First Ch., For. Miss. Dept., 98; Newton Highlands, Aux., 24.62; Newtonville, Children's Miss. Cir., 11.60; Newton, West, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. Herbert E. Fales, Mrs. Arthur S. Kimball, Mrs. E. B. Wilson, Mrs. S. H. Woodbridge); Roxbury, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., Y. L. F. M. S., 10; Roxbury, West, South Evang'l Ch., Woman's Union (Th. Off., 55.13), 57; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 19.20), 20.45; Waltham, Aux., 50; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 24.50; Wrentham, Woman's Miss. Soc., 36,	1,432 93
<i>Worcester</i> .—Central Ch., S. S.,	16 00
<i>Worcester Co. Branch</i> .—Mrs. Thomas E. Babb, Jr., Treas., 12 Clearview Ave., Worcester. Friend, 6; Miss Mabel Mason, Newtonville, 100; Ashburnham, First Ch., 14.90; Dana, Cong'l Ch., 1; Leominster, S. S., 10; Whitinsville, Ladies, 180; Worcester, Old South Ch., Little Light Bearers, 8.86, Park Ch., Ladies, 8, Piedmont Ch., Golden Key Club, 10, Plymouth Ch., Woman's Assoc., 50, Union Ch., Two Members, 10,	398 76
Total,	4,589 22
RHODE ISLAND.	
<i>Newport</i> .—Miss Kate L. Clarke,	1 00
<i>Rhode Island Branch</i> .—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Int. on Bank Bal., 4.45; Mrs. Edward Carrington, in mem. of Mrs. W. F. Sayles, 25; Alton, C. E. Soc., 5; Dartington, C. R., 3; Pawtucket, Park Place Ch., Prim. Dept., S. S., 4, Smithfield Ave. Ch., C. R., 4.05, Helping Hand Soc., 5, Kinder. Dept., S. S., 3.50, Prim. Dept., S. S., 7.50; Providence, Academy Ave. Ch., Miss. Club, 10, Free Evang'l Ch., C. R., 12, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 33, Union Ch., Friends King's Dau., 5, Prim. Dept., S. S., 7.20; Riverpoint, S. S., 10, Wide Awakes, 20,	160 70
Total,	161 70
CONNECTICUT.	
<i>Eastern Connecticut Branch</i> .—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Canterbury, Ch., 2; Danielson, Aux. (Th. Off., 35.50), 44; Hampton, Ch., 3.50; Jewett City, Aux., Th. Off., 5; New London, First and Second Chs., Dau. of Cov., 5, First Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 32.51), 39, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 149.44; Norwich, Park Ch., Aux., Th. Off., add'l (Miss M. P. Huntington, 30), 32; Old Lyme, Aux., 50; Putnam, Aux. (Th. Off., 45.35), 58; Willimantic, S. S., C. R., 2.20; Windham, Aux., Th. Off., 5.18,	395 32
<i>Hartford Branch</i> .—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. East Windsor, Aux., 10; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 10, Farmington Ave. Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. by Mrs. M. Bradford Scott to const. L. M. Mrs. Charles F. Taylor, 50 of wh. by Mrs. Charles Burt to const. L. M's Miss Mary E. Atemus, Mrs. Louise Jewett), 207, Miss. Club, 5, First Ch., Aux., 291.98, Park Ch., Y. W.	

F. M. S., 10; Manchester, Second Ch., 93.45; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 13, S. S. Cl., 7.76; Gertrude Rogers' S. S. Cl., 10; Plainville, Aux., 30; Rockville, Aux., 60; South Windsor, S. S., Prim. Dept., 2; Suffield, First Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 21, 771 19

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Mary P. Hinsdale Buildings Fund, 300; Brookfield Center, Aux., 14.35; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 8.75, M. C. (to const. L. M. Mrs. E. T. Rowe), 25; Falls Village, Ch., 6; Meriden, First Ch., Aux. (200 of wh. to const. L. M.'s Miss Hattie Andrus, Mrs. Frank S. Brooks, Miss Louise Brooks, Mrs. W. H. Harvey, Mrs. J. C. Hinsdale, Miss Margaret Morrow, Mrs. H. L. Wheatley, Miss Nellie Wood), 380, Center Ch., Aux., 66; Middletown, First Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. from Mrs. J. H. Bunce to const. L. M. Miss Eleanor Paulding), 126.84; New Haven, Dwight Place Ch., Aux., 31.65, Yale College Ch., Aux., 5; Newtown, Aux., 20.67; Norfolk, Whatsoever Band, 10; North Haven, Aux., 50; Norwalk, Aux., 12; Portland, Aux., 23; Ridgefield, Aux., 17.50; Seymour, Aux., 11, C. R., 1.72; Stamford, Aux., 25; Stratford, Aux., 31; Washington, Aux., 40.70; Westbrook, Aux., 18; Westport, Aux., 22; Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 10.80, Second Ch., Aux., 34.05, 1,291 03

Total, 2,457 54

NEW YORK.

Corbettsville.—Friend, 37 50
New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Scarsboro, Lockwood Collegiate School, Benev. Assoc., 60 00
 Total, 97 50

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 1; N. J., Chatham, Stanley Ch., Aux., 20.66; Closter, S. S., 8.35; Grantwood, Ch., 14; Jersey City, First Ch., King's Dau., 5; Montclair, First Ch., Aux., 250, Watchung Ave. Ch., Jr. Aux., 35; Newark, First Ch., Aux., 15; Orange Valley, C. E. Soc., 10; Paterson, Aux., 31; Upper Montclair, Aux., 101.25; Pa., Glenolden, Ch., 8; Philadelphia, Central Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Emma T. Rayson), Snyder Ave. Ch., 15; Pittsburgh, Swedish Ch., S. S., 2. Less expenses, 28.75, 487 51

GEORGIA.

Fort Valley.—Miss M. F. Bassett, 2 50
 Donations, \$6,798 27
 Buildings, 13,981 00
 Specials, 93 00

Total, \$20,872 27

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18 TO DEC. 18, 1912.

Donations, \$12,299 71
 Buildings, 14,804 50
 Specials, 167 56
 Legacies, 2,850 00
 Total, \$30,121 77

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT.

Previously acknowledged, \$14,784 68
 Receipts of the month, 13,981 00
 Total, \$28,765 68

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

Receipts for November, 1912

MISS HENRIETTA F. BREWER, Treasurer, 770 Kingston Ave., Oakland, Cal.

CALIFORNIA.

Northern California Branch.—Mrs. E. V. Krick, Treas., 1433 Clay St., San Francisco. Campbell, 6.25; Little Shasta, 6; Mill Valley, 6; Oakland, First, 50, Plymouth, 15, Pilgrim, 5; Pittsburgh, 4; Porterville, 8.79; San Francisco, First, 10; Mr. W. S. Thomas, 10, 131 04

Southern California Branch.—Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Treas., 56 Worcester Ave., Pasadena. Claremont, W. Soc., 600, Berean S. S. Cl., 12.50; Long Beach, W. Soc., 20; Los Angeles, First, W. Soc., 287.43, Garavanza, W. Soc., 6, Messiah, W. Soc., 2.50, Park, W. Soc., 12.50, Piso Heights, W. Soc., 1, Plymouth, W. Soc., 3, Vernon, W. Soc., 1; Ontario, W. Soc., 45; Pasadena, First, W. Soc., 30, Lake Ave., W. Soc., 10; Redlands, Cradle Roll, 14.50; Riverside, W. Soc., 10; San Diego, First, W. Soc., 50.50, Logan Heights, W. Soc., 8; Sierra Madre, W. Soc., 14, 1,127 93

OREGON.

Oregon Branch.—Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 West Park St., Portland. Ashland, 25; Portland, First, 34.60, Hassalo, 15.03, 74 63

UTAH.

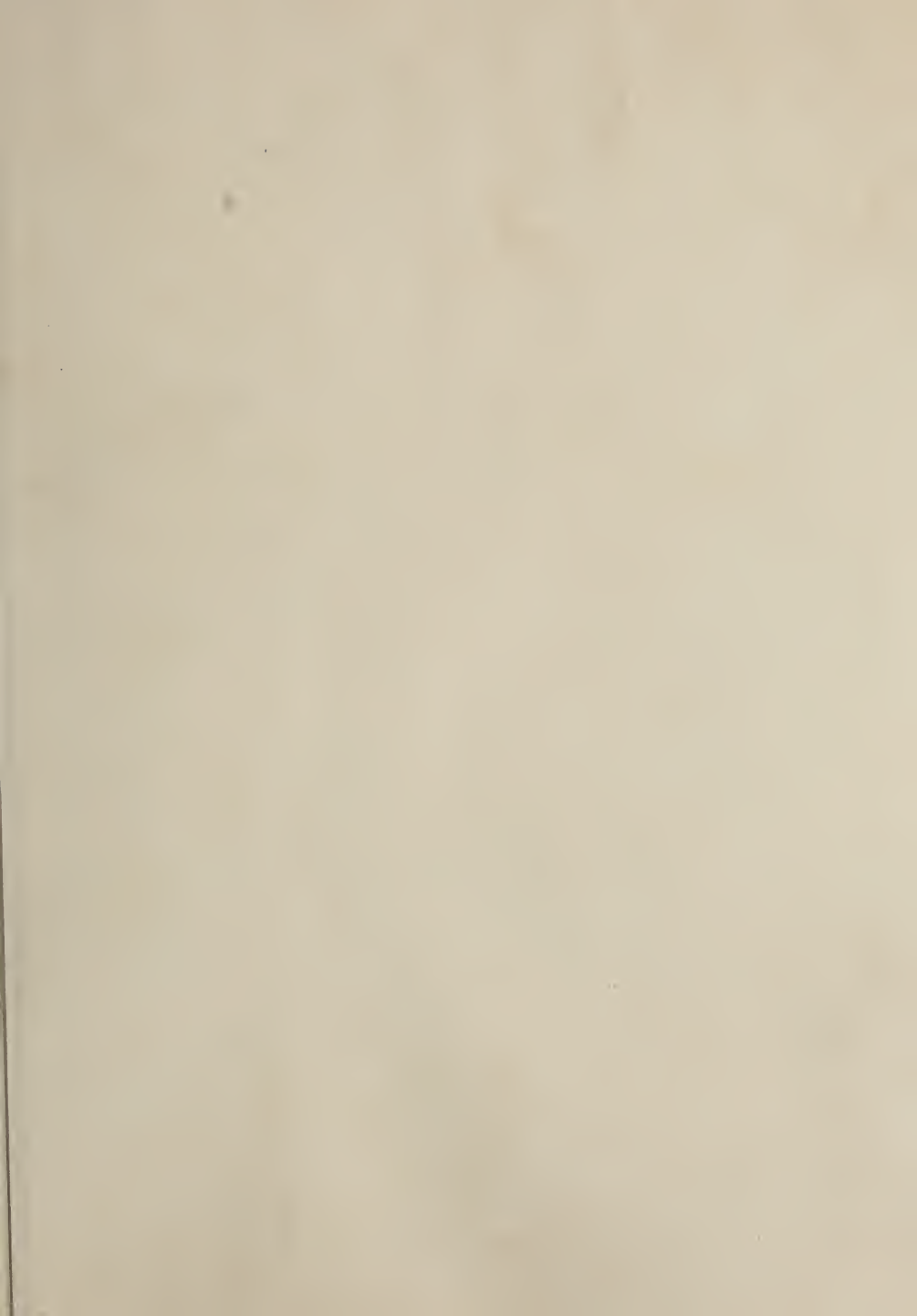
Utah Branch.—Mrs. G. Brown, Treas., 250 South Eighth St., Salt Lake City. Salt Lake City, 15 00

WASHINGTON.

Washington Branch.—Mrs. Everett Smith, Treas., 1533 18th Ave., Seattle. North Yakima, S. S., 4.42; Pleasant Prairie, 2.50; Seattle, Plymouth, Miss Waite, 5, 11 92
 Total, 1,360 52

Respectfully submitted,

R. B. FERRIER, Asst. Treas.



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